McKean County Miner.

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The McKean County Miner.

E. ROGERS, Proprietor.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Lodges and Societies.

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A. O. U. W.

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Churches.

CATHOLIC CHURCH

Directory.

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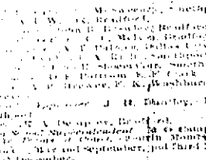

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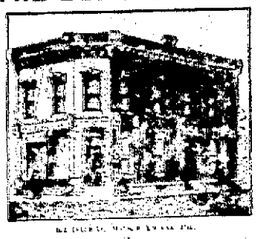

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THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

"Come and say good by to Charlie, Lava."

"Hasn't Charlie gone yet?" with a not very complimentary emphasis on the "yet."

"I am going directly you have shaken hands with me Miss Lava."

"I'm busy now, Charlie. I'll shake hands with you when you come back."

Those were the parting words of Lava Vane, when I had been leaving the rectory after six months of study under her father, the kind, indulgent rector. I had seen the girl as I went down the path and had smiled to see her occupation, for which she could not spare time to bid me good by. She, a child of 12, black-eyed, black-haired, slim-browned and slender, was teaching her dog to stand on his hind legs and bark for cake.

It all came back to me, as, after a seven years' absence, I again trod the village street, on my way to the rectory. Would she be as ungainly, as hoydenish, as much a thorn in my side now, in my week's visit, I wondered, and then it suddenly struck me that a young lady of 19 would hardly find her chief delight in rubbing taffy into a fellow's hair, licking his books or tying strings to them and drawing them about the graveled path for the amusement of her white kitten, especially as the "fellow" was now a tall, rather good looking young man of 25.

When this comforting thought came I was at the rectory gate. I pushed it open and was proceeding toward the house, when a beautiful vision coming from a side path arrested my steps. What a beauty was my first thought for she was tall, slender and graceful, with dusky, laughing eyes, a dainty mouth, all dimpling smiles, rich creamy complexion, and I could see under the broad sun hat she wore an abundance of jetty braids. I lifted my hat, planning as I met her.

"Lava a stranger," I said. "Can you tell me if Mr. Vane still lives here?"

"He does," she answered, "but just now he is not at home."

"Thank you. I will await his return."

But, began the girl, half hesitating, "I do not think he will be back for some hours to-day. Can no one else do if you would leave a message or allow me to tell him when you will call again?"

But I have come to stay—that is, for a day or two," I answered smiling. "I was a pupil of Mr. Vane's some years ago and thought I would take a run to see him. You were not a member of the household when I was studying Latin under him."

The girl was coming when I finished quite as though I had said something amusing. I wonder I what it could be, rapidly looking back into my words.

"Then you must have been a pupil of a very early love," she said. "I have been a member of his household for nine years."

"You are not Lava?" I said, remembering my impressions with regard to that young person, and totally unprepared to accept this graceful beauty as my past horror.

Evidently it will be disagreeable in consequence, but "Lava Lava," was the naive answer. "I have a faint recollection of a pupil of papa's who used to be anything but civil to me, and whom I thought—"

What I was she paused, with a slight but suggestive shrug and a merry light in her dark eyes.

"Very fond of Latin. If you are that pupil your name is Charlie Lennox."

"I plead guilty, but I pledge you my word I have made much in my tastes since I was so fond of Latin."

Then I will take you to the rectory, and if I fail in my efforts to entertain you, I beg of you to be as frank about it as in the old days."

Walking beside her, along the pretty, flower bordered path, I wondered if I had ever really found this beautiful girl a most unpleasant companion, and it suddenly occurred to me that she might not have found me any to nice either, and long before the rector and his wife returned from their friendly visit, I had made an inward vow that I would teach Lava Vane to think of me not as an unpleasant stripling, but as a man on whose honor a woman might lean without a fear.

I found the kind old man just as I had pictured him. I found that both he and his wife were glad to welcome me, and I found, yet, let me confess it

that Lava Vane was the sweetest and dearest woman I had ever met. I had gone over half the world had seen and admired many fair faces. But fate decreed that in this village maiden I should meet a realization of all my fondest dreams. Twenty four hours after our meeting, I owned to myself that I loved her. Twenty six hours after that meeting I learned that she was the promised wife of another.

I cannot explain my feelings, when as I stood among the flower with the rector, I saw a young man walking up the path. I did not remember ever having seen him before, but I knew instantly that he and I would never become friends. Nay, the thought came to me that I could regard him as my enemy.

"This is Mr Dallas," the rector told me, and he presented me to the new comer as one who had been his pupil. The a moment later, we were watching the graceful figure of Mr. Dallas as it went on toward the house.

"Not a bad looking fellow," I remarked. The rector smiled.

"He is to be my son-in-law," he said. "I have promised Lava to him in the spring."

They will, I trust, be very happy," I said, not clearly knowing what words I had uttered; for I felt a new sensation—blind, burning jealousy of this man, who was to be the husband of Lava Vane.

Well, science tells us that we all have our moments of insanity. In accepting the warm invitation to lengthen my visit into a month I proved that I had mine, for of all places in the world, I should not have remained there, in the presence of that black-eyed, red-lipped girl, who was sometimes kind to me, sometimes teasing, always frank and unconstrained.

My month had gone; and on the morrow I would leave them—my kind, unassuming friends and the girl whom I now loved better than anything in the whole, wide world. I had been walking restlessly about, and at last wandered into the study of Mr. Vane. The rector was sitting among his books with his head bent and his hands clasped on the table before him. He looked up as I entered, a puzzled expression in his mild eyes.

"I don't understand it," he said. "Charlie, what do you think? Lava has broken her engagement with young Dallas, and the poor fellow is almost wild."

My heart gave a sudden leap.

"Perhaps she knows best," I said.

"Perhaps," replied the rector, "but I do not understand it."

Neither did I; but hope rose within me as I left him and went in search of Lava. I found her in a pretty arbor at the back of the house.

"Lava," I said, going to her and taking her hand, "I was wondering how I ought go away to morrow without telling you something."

She smiled up in my face, but her smile was slightly tremulous.

"If there was anything, why should you not tell, Charlie?" she asked in her frank, sweet way.

"There is no reason now," I answered, "your father tells me you are free."

No answer but a sudden dash of red in the girlish cheek; I took the other hand, and held them both closely.

"I love you," I whispered, "if you do not care at all for me tell me of it, Lava; but if you do——"

"I do," she said, her voice low and faltering, "that was the reason I——"

"Not Dallas away, I am so glad you did it, my darling."

But as I gathered her to my bosom she burst into tears.

"It was so unhappy," she sobbed, "oh, Charlie, how I hated to seem so cruel to him! I never *loved* him. How mistaken I was in thinking I did, with a sudden gleam of sunlight through the tear drops. "I only knew when you were going away, Charlie. Then I felt so sorry to see you go, so lonely and saddened, that I knew—I should not be his wife."

Nor any one's but mine, dearest," I said softly.

And his reproaches were so—so bitter, Lava said, shrinking closer to me "He called me heartless, and said I had taken his honest heart for a toy, and now flung it from me as I had wearied of it."

"The unmannerly cur!" I exclaimed. The reader will remember that I had never been exactly in love with poor Dallas, and I was with pretty, tearful Lava.

I left the rectory three days later than intended. I was insanely happy, and very much in love. It was arranged that I would return in the winter and bear away my beautiful bride.

For a month Lava and I corresponded regularly, and much love like nonsense went through the mails from the pens of both; then one week before the day set for my marriage a letter came to me, written by my kind old friend, the rector.

"Dear Charlie," it ran, "I am bending my head in shame, for the first time in my life; the waters of affliction have swept my life, and even prayer has not brought me comfort." How can I tell you Charlie—you, who are hoping, as you read this, to lead a loving bride to the altar in a week? How can I strike this deadly blow to your love and faith, my boy. Ah, rather had my old hand palsied in its effort, but that you must know! *My child will never be your wife.* Last night she left her home to wed the young man who once was her betrothed—Dallas. To day I have no daughter; you no promised wife; false to her promise lover, we might have known how little we might trust her; Heaven keep your young heart calm in this hour, my boy! Heaven keep it from unholy passions! For me, I know how true are now the words which tell us of the ungrateful child. I am now, and will be while blood flows through my veins,

"Your friend in faithfulness,

"MAURICE VANE."

I sat long with the sheet between my fingers, hot burning passion raging in my breast against—*not* my false betrothed, but the man who had stolen her from me almost at the altar. But later I understood—later, when I had sifted all and learned my lesson of distrust—I learned that Lava Vane had never cared for *me*, but my position had dazzled her, and for that she had pretended to love me. Had nothing happened before our wedding day she would have allowed me to enter my fools Heavens' to dwell in it while I might. But something did happen. An uncle of Dallas died in a distant land, leaving him a mammoth fortune, therefore the rapid change in Lava's bridegroom!

Well, there may be men living who would buy a wife; I am not one of them, and after the first fierce pang I was very grateful to fortune for my salvation. Will I love again? Perhaps; but never again will I bask in smiles that belong in honor to another

—Philadelphia *Call.*

THE democrats object to General Logan on account of his alleged incapacity as a speller; but we venture to say that he can spell better standing on one foot and with both hands tied behind him than General Jackson could with all his faculties in free play.—St. Louis *Globe Democrat.*

IS THERE not enough that is genuine, manly, and admirable in Mr. Blaine to make the most thoughtful independent hesitate before rejecting the republican candidate to the advantage of an unknown candidate of the uncertain democracy? To a vast majority of the republican voters—probably to four-fifths of them—Mr. Blaine is not only acceptable, but he is their *ideal* candidate, their most exalted leader.—Buffalo *Express.*

REMORSE OF DUELISTS.

The Shadows That Shadowed Benton, Prentiss and Others.

[San Francisco Call.]

On Sunday last The Call, in the article descriptive of the great grief which shadowed the life of the otherwise pleasant and congenial George Pen Johnston for nearly twenty-six years, declared that "he was a changed man ever after, and the shadow of that tragic event was to his soul like that typified by Poe's 'Raven;' the 'midnight dark and dreary' of its coming was to him the fatal anniversary of the duel, when the shadows invariably deepened on his brooding heart." While to Americans or Englishmen this cannot be said so truthfully of others, unless it be so said of Irishmen, who have survived fatal duels during the past century and a half, are strangers to either grief or remorse, there have lived and died many like the gentle, humane, chivalrous and affectionate Johnston, whose perfect peace of mind had been forever afterward shattered or destroyed.

The brilliant U. S. Senator, of Mississippi—a Northern man by birth and education, who fought a number of duels in defence of public opinion, admitted great remorse. His moral and religious training and scruples were antagonistic to the custom; yet he once went upon the field after he had become possessed of wife and children. Probably no gentleman of as much natural wit and genius as walked so much in the "shades of the shadow of death." He once went to a friend concerning one of his meetings that he did nothing but "pace the floor and weep and pray. The possibility of leaving my own family unprotected," said Prentiss, "or of killing a fellow-being, haunted me so that I could not sleep, and I tottered round in the daytime like a worn-out old man."

Undoubtedly Mr. Crafts, who killed Mr. Cilley, suffered much from remorse. Just before he died he said it required a higher order of courage to decline than to accept a challenge, and he declared that, if ever he became involved in another difficulty his moral obligations, and not fear of public opinion should guide him in all his actions in the premises.

As vigorously and as humanely as O'Connell deprecated dueling, and as reluctantly as he met D'Esterre, whom he killed, he never got rid of his remorse of conscience for the duel of his early manhood. Even the dying groan of D'Esterre made a wound in O'Connell's heart which no physician could heal. He once declared in the house of commons that, having laid upon his hands, he had registered a vow in heaven. And it has also been written of O'Connell that he never attended church after the killing of D'Esterre who at first wrapping up in a handkerchief "the guilty hand," declaring that he could not approach his Redeemer with the hand exposed which had taken the life of a fellow-woman.

Lord Chief Justice Tom Burton, of Ireland, although it has often been said that the duel was forced upon him, deeply regretted his meeting with Dawson, in which the latter was killed, and would have given up his life to undo the destroyed life of the papers he had in possession or that he could obtain concerning the affair.

Colonel John M. Mc Carty, who killed Gen. Armistead T. Mason, suffered great remorse up to the time of his death over the remembrance of the unnatural encounter. Mason and McCarty were Virginians, and cousins, and quarreled over politics, which ran high at the time—1819.

Henry Phillips, who slew his former friend, Benjamin Woodbridge, one night in 1828, on Boston Common, and escaped, died from great grief in France in less than a year afterward.

APPEARANCES PROMOTE SUCCESS.

How Quacks Succeed—How a Lawyer Impresses His Clients.

Even the most credulous cannot believe that a squint upon of horse, silver mounted harness and a handsome carriage to compe, with a dash of economic consciously displayed in equipage, or *pere* nality or a physician, will cure consumption, renovate the liver, be a panacea for gout, or prove an infallible sedative to an irritable nervous system. These auxiliaries, however, go far toward increasing the number of a doctor's patients. The man of medicine may be scientific, industrious, patiently wedded to his profession, and, if he ignores these minor accessories that, by their mere presence, indicate prosperity, he will be left to devote all the powers of his Aesculapian lore and prize to a want of practice, save such as he may find in the wards of a hospital and on the dissecting table of a medical institute. It must be absurd, but it is no less a fact, that a house and carriage have great weight in advancing a doctor toward the goal of his fortune popularity. Witness the alacrity with which quacks and unscrupulous, diplomatless adventurers seize upon this theory and gain fame and fortune solely through it. The majority of people rather mistrust the practitioner who trumps his worry way from patient to patient by nature's economical method of locomotion.

The facts on the subject of the effect of appearances, which are applicable to the medical professions are equally so to all professions, trades and occupations, whether scientific, mercantile or commercial, by which monetary power or successful competition is sought. A lawyer favorably impresses his patrons through the medium of large, airy, well-lighted, elegantly appointed suits of offices. Black-walnut bookcases and writing-desks have an imposing effect on a client. He likes to tread on Brussels carpets and sit while waiting for his lawyer, in a leather-upholstered armchair and entertain himself by allowing his eyes to roam backward and forward, up and down over calf-bound legal tomes. He feels importance in the idea that the man he employs to attend to his deeds, titles and lawsuits is able to live in the midst of magnificence, and he holds himself a part and parcel of those indications of success. Most men will willingly pay 50 per cent. higher fees to the prosperous-appearing attorney than to the LL. D. who gropes his legal path through cobwebs, dirt, broken-caned chairs, rickety tables, tripping-up cocoa matting and away upon substitute for glazed windows. The latter may be equal, or even superior, in ability, to his professional brother of handsomely arranged apartments, but appearances are against him.

A veteran pioneer, one who financially and politically has prospered in this state, one who is known to the literary world by at least one standard work, in speaking to a daughter whose husband is a lawyer, said: "Dress well; always keep your children presentable and attractive in appearance; let your surroundings be the best your income warrants; by such means you will promote your husband's business and demand for him the esteem and respect of his fellowmen." This advice, coming from a successful man, now calmly resting in advanced years, is worthy of serious mental digestion.

FOR EARACHE, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swelled Neck, and the results of colds and inflammation, use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—the great pain destroyer.

WANTED.—Poverty wants some, luxury many, and starlos all things.

All Made from Smoke.

[Chicago Times.]

The old saying that nothing is wasted or lost in nature, is true in regard to the smoke from the furnace at Elk Rapids, Mich. In this furnace are manufactured fifty tons of charcoal per day. There are twenty-five charcoal pits, constructed of brick. Each pit is filled with 160 cords of hard wood and then fired. The vast amount of smoke from these pits, which was formerly lost in the air, is now utilized. Works have been erected to convert the smoke into chemicals and acids.

These works are a curiosity. First, they have a circular tube made of wood, with pine staves, sixteen feet in length, bound together with heavy iron hoops. This tube is placed directly over the pits in a horizontal position, with an opening from each pit into the tube. At the end nearest the building there is a large drum containing a rotary fan, propelled by machinery, the power of which is gas. That acts as a suction or draught for the smoke, which is conveyed into the stills filled with copper pipe, two and one-half inches in diameter. The boxes in which the pipes are situated are twenty feet square, eight feet deep, made of heavy pine, and filled with cold water; they are all connected by copper pipes; they are connected with the main still, 100 feet in length, ten feet wide and eight feet deep, filled with copper pipes two and one half inches in diameter, in a horizontal position, surrounded with cold water; from this conveyed to a purifier, from which runs what is called pyroligneous acid, which is as clear as amber, with an unpleasant odor.

From the acid is produced, first, acetate of lime; second, alcohol; third, tar; fourth, gas, which is consumed under the boilers. Each cord of wood contains 2,000 cubic feet of smoke; 2,000,000 feet of smoke handled every twenty-four hours, producing 12,000 pounds of acetate of lime, 200 gallons of alcohol, and twenty-five pounds of tar. These products have a commercial value in the manufacturing of various articles. The smoke from 9,000 cords of wood consumed per annum is thus made a source of much profit, as the works are nearly automatic, and require no workmen to run them.

Edgerwood Pipes.

The short clay pipe formerly used by smokers has of late years been to a great extent supplanted by the wooden pipe, the manufacture of which is now an important industry. Some information respecting these pipes as given to British Consul Inglis Trades report on Lagiern, where the material for making wooden pipes is now largely exported. Selected roots of the heath are collected on the hills of the Stavanger, where the plant grows luxuriantly and attains a great size. When brought to the factory the roots are cleared of earth, and any decayed parts are cut away. They are then shaped into blocks of various dimensions with a circular saw set in motion by a small steam engine.

Great dexterity is necessary at this stage in cutting the wood to the best advantage, and it is only after a long apprenticeship that a workman is thoroughly efficient. The blocks are then placed in a vat and subjected to a gentle simmering for a space of twelve hours. During the process they acquire the rich yellowish brown hue for which the help pipes are noted, and are then in a condition to receive the final turning; but this is done elsewhere. The rough blocks are packed in sacks containing from forty to 100 dozen each, and abroad, principally to France and Holland, where they are finished out. Then, putting his hand affectionately on my shoulder, he said kindly; "Good by! God bless you, my son."

The sound of his genial voice, the expression of his eye, and the pressure of his hand as he said those words will always be pleasant for me to remember.

The Monk's Lesson.

There was on e an old monk walking through a forest with a scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants that were close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground, the second and round itself pretty well into the earth, the third was a small shrub, while the fourth and last was a full-sized tree. Then the monk said to his young companion: "Pull up the first." The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers. "Now pull up the second." The root obeyed, but not so easily. "And the third." The boy had to put forth all his strength and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it. "And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth." But to the trunk of the tall tree, grasped in the arms of the youth, scarcely shook its leaves, and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth.

Then the wise old monk explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials. "This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are very young and weak one may by a little watchfulness over self and the help of a little self denial, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them—the almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out. For this reason, my child, watch well your first impulses."

Baking Type.

[London Truth.]

Taking a purely selfish delight in the pleasure of children, I have always regretted the painful necessity of teaching them their letters. The least nauseous way of administering such doses of scholarship is undoubtedly by the kindergarten biscuits. But their good service is entirely frustrated by the ridiculous blunder. All these established nursery biscuits bear impressed upon them the letters of the alphabet, and no doubt nourishing letters are capitals. Now it is a stupid practice to teach children the capital letters first, because by so doing you oblige the poor little things to learn the alphabet twice over. There is, indeed, no positive reason why children should be taught capitals at all, for as these are the exceptions in writing and printing they would be acquired involuntarily and imperceptibly when the child, having learnt all the small letters, begins to read. Will the kindergarten people take my hint, and bake "lower-case type?"

What He Is.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

"What is a humorist?" asked a boy of his teacher.

"A humorist, my son, is not the punster, as you may have been led to suppose. He is a man of light and, may be, eccentric, letters, who in opposition to the philosophers of gloom, does not think that the supreme duty of the human family is to mope around, as though its last friend had been buried. He believes in the philosophy of light instead of shadows, and the smile which he creates is far better than the sigh of the man who has been taught to believe that life is not worth living."

Mrs. Mackey's Dinner.

At a dinner recently given by Mrs. Mackey in Paris the table was covered with a veritable grassy lawn in miniature; the center piece was replaced by a small pond of water, in which fishes leaped about. Rare flowers took the place of trees.

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AT DINNER WITH READE.

Reminiscences of an American Acquaintance—The Famous Scrap Books.

[S. S. Conant in Albany Journal.]

My personal acquaintance with Charles Reade began at a pleasant dinner at the house of Mr. Wilkie Collins in the summer of 1875. We had exchanged many letters, chiefly of a business character; but I confess that I looked forward to the meeting with a vague apprehension that the overbearing tone and manner which appear in his trenchant and sarcastic controversial writings might be characteristic of him in social intercourse. The apprehension was entirely unfounded. So far from being aggressive or overbearing, Mr. Reade was one of the most genial and agreeable men I ever met. His manner was quiet and dignified, and there was not the slightest trace in his conversation of a tendency to dominate or insist upon his own opinions, nor was he at all inclined to monopolize the conversation.

A few evenings afterward I dined at Mr. Reade's house. Mr. Reade made himself extremely agreeable to the ladies of the party, showing himself to be a master of the most difficult of social accomplishments—that of witty and original conversation. He was ready to listen and quick to answer, and so far from doing all the talking himself, he displayed the greatest tact in drawing out others and making the conversation general.

I heard a great deal about his so-called "arrogance" and impatience of contradiction. There is a story that he once almost brutally spubbed a stranger who ventured to praise his "Cloister and the Hearth" as his best novel, by telling him bluntly that any one who was so stupid as to think that was only fit for a lunatic asylum. It may be that bores sometimes angered him beyond the limits of endurance; but those who know him most intimately declare that he was one of the most genial and kind-hearted of men, thoughtful of others, and always ready to do a generous act.

After dinner we went into Mr. Reade's library, where he exhibited his famous scrap books, and explained the system on which they were made, and how he made use of them. They contained clippings from newspapers, magazines, and books on every conceivable subject, and from all over the world, classified before pasting, and then indexed under appropriate headings. "When I want a peculiar murder, for instance," said Mr. Reade, "I turn to my index and find just the one I want. one you know, which the critics will tell you could never happen out of a novel." One of the scrap-books was made up wholly, if I remember right, of quaint anecdotes. I recollect that Mr. Reade showed me several of President Lincoln's apt stories. He was very anxious to know if I could give an imitation of his style of telling them, and appeared to be quite grieved to find that I had never had the pleasure of hearing them from "old Abe" himself. "I should appreciate them much better," he said, "if I could catch the tone and manner in which they were told."

When I took my leave of him that evening he made me promise to send him characteristic things from America, anything that would illustrate custom and manners, and especially the peculiar dialects of different regions of this country. His last injunction, as I left his door-step, was: "Don't take a hansom; they are death traps. If the horse stumbles and falls, you go under his heels and get your brains knocked out." Then, putting his hand affectionately on my shoulder, he said kindly; "Good by! God bless you, my son."

The sound of his genial voice, the expression of his eye, and the pressure of his hand as he said those words will always be pleasant for me to remember.

A Japanese Health Society.

[Rochester News.]

A society has lately been organized at Tokio, the objects of which are to spread the knowledge of hygiene and public health, and to aid the sanitary efforts of the government by discussing and determining the best means for maintaining and improving the health of the Japanese people and for prolonging human life. A committee for investigations is provided, which shall study the following subjects—public and private health; school, prison, military, and naval hygiene; sanitary; hygiene of occupations; hygiene of mind; medical science, pharmacy, and materia medica; chemistry; protection of infant life; contagious diseases; statistics; sanitary legislation; fluctuation in price, demand and supply of commodities, civil engineering; industries; meteorology, geology and geography; natural history; charity; cattle epidemics. Truly a somewhat miscellaneous and comprehensive list; but perhaps the Japanese are a long lived race. The society is to have monthly meetings.

Ice-Water in Germany.

[New York News.]

In Prague one misses ice-water, and our various cooling appliances very much. It is possible, with a good deal of trouble, to get a glass of water with a few pieces of dirty ice in it; but it always seems to excite so much surprise, alarm, and horror in the spectators, that one has to seek out a secluded corner of the restaurant to drink it. I do not know which they regard the worse—drinking ice-water, or eating raw tomatoes. Now, I am very fond of the latter, and always eat them when I can get them from seeing a crowd around any part of the room every day. I begin to have a suspicion that the proprietor uses me for an advertisement, and that crowds come daily to see the great American tomato-eater. Ice-water seems especially to be regarded as a deadly poison, the cause of all the dyspepsia in America.

He Didn't Exaggerate.

[Texas Siftings.]

"Ate a quart of raw oysters at one time? Oh, pshaw! you couldn't do it, Patrick."

"Mister Robert, I've not exaggerated at all. I ate a whole quart, sur, but at the same time I'll acknowledge that the oysters was schmall wans."

Brain Teaser.

The latest mathematical puzzle in England is said to be this: "Two ladies met three ladies, they all kissed; how many kisses were exchanged?"

Texas Siftings: I notice dat people'll go furder ter git liquor ter put on bark an' roots ter make bitters, don day will ter git bark an' roots ter put in liquor ter make bitters.

Mary R. Baldwin: Modern society with its prejudices, its half-sights, its lack of appreciation, kills the prophets as of old!

TELL the truth to Dixie! The republicans, united and aggressive, have chosen as their standard-bearer the leader of leaders. And Blaine will carry all of the northern and several of the southern states:

For Right is Right, since God is God,
And Right the day will win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

—Danville *Tribune.*

SEVERAL hundred cannons have been found at the bottom of the sea amid the wreckage of ships near Gibraltar. America should claim them. No other nation seems to have lost its navy.

The Mulligan Letters.

The event in Mr. Blaine's career in congress which best illustrates his audacious and sensational methods of self-defence against an attack was his speech in the house of representatives on June 5, 1876, on the Mulligan letters. James Mulligan had told a committee of congress that Mr. Blaine, acting as the broker of Warren Fisher, sr., a contractor, had tried to sell to friends in Maine $520,000 worth of stocks and bonds of the Little Rock & Ford Smith railroad company, and had received for that service about $167,500 of the company's bonds as a commission; that the speculation had turned out badly and Mr. Blaine was compelled to take back part of the securities. Mulligan had added to this story the statement that Elisha Atkins, then a director in the Union Pacific company had told him that Mr. Blaine had sold $75,000 of the Little Rock & Fort Smith bonds to Col. Thos. A. Scott, and that Col. Scott had made the Union Pacific company take them at 80 cents on the dollar.

When pressed for proof of his statements Mulligan had produced a number of letters and memoranda and declared that they would prove his story. At a subsequent examination Mulligan had told how Mr. Blaine had visited him in the Riggs house and implored him for the sake of his wife and children to show the letters, and how after he had gotten them he refused to return them.

Mr. Blaine at the time was a candidate for the nomination for president. His friends on the committee tried in vain to shake Mulligan's testimony, and he took the witness stand himself and contradicted Mulligan's story. Not satisfied with the result of his work, he determined to make a bold attempt to turn the tables on his accusers in the house of representatives. His intention was made known to the public, and on June 5 the galleries and the floor of the house were crowded by his friends. He obtained the floor on a question of privilege, and defended himself in a speech which elicited enthusiastic plaudits from his friends. After charging that the committee's inquiry had been turned into an investigation of his personal affairs, he drew from his pocket the Mulligan letters. Holding them up, he said that they had been wrongfully is Mulligan's possession, and charged that the committee in trying to use them against him, had violated the personal and private rights that belonged to every American citizen.

Then, holding the package high enough for the whole house to see it, he said:

"I thank God Almighty that I am not ashamed to show them. Here they are. This is the very original package. With some sense of humiliation, with a mortification which I do not pretend to conceal, with a sense of outrage which I think every man in my position would feel, I invite the confidence of 44,000,000 of people, and I will read these letters."

As he finished this sentence the republican members, who had left their seats and stood near him, clapped their hands, and the throng in the galleries, who had listened with rapt attention, applauded and cheered.

Mr. Blaine then read some of the letters and gave his own explanation of their meaning, and then said that they had been picked out of the most intimate business correspondence of his life. Then he faced his republican colleagues, and said:

"I ask you, gentleman, if any of you could stand a closer scrutiny, a more rigid investigation of your correspondence?"

The republican members again applauded and cheers went up from the galleries. Then Mr. Blaine advanced from the aisle and accused Proctor Knott of suppressing a dispatch from Joseph Caldwell which exonerated him from Mulligan's charges. He concluded this remarkable speech by moving that the committee be compelled to report whether it had or had not suppressed, and then took his seat amid the applause of his friends.—New York *Sun.*

Senator Frye's Indictment.

This is the way Senator Frye of Maine indicted the democracy at the great ratification meeting in Washington:

"I have been told that the republican party will have to defend a defensive battle—defensive of what; and defensive of whom? In 1876 the democrats had an overwhelming majority in the house of representatives. The presidential election was coming on then as it is coming on now and the democrats determined to bring infamy on the republican party, and put it on the defensive, and they nominated themselves into a great investigation committee. They went to work; but the moment the investigation augur penetrated a single inch it struck every time a writhing and a howling democrat. [Cheers and laughter.] In less than two months the whole democratic party were whistling off the democratic dogs. They deliberately determined to tear the laurels off the brow of the great republican leader, and to make him bend low before the American people. They penetrated the holiest of the *penetralia.* They went into the inermost temple. Nothing was sacred to them; nothing private. Once Ray Blaine was sent into the house of representatives and said he proposed to take into his confidence 50,000,000 of his American fellow-citizens. And then he went on without oratory, without ornamentation, and told his story; and when he completed the tale he charged upon the delegation of the house and routed them home. Zeal and dragoons. Soon afterward the republican convention was held at Cincinnati, and although news came there on the eve of the nomination that Blaine was dead or dying or that (if he survived) his grand intellect was dead forever, he came within a score of votes of clearing out the whole field and coming off a conqueror. If he had not to defend Blaine, would he have to defend Logan? Logan was the bravest man in the country. He never ran from them. It was not the first time men had left the party because they could not bear everything. But the party marched right on. The candidates were nominated, not by the politicians, but by the people. [Prolonged cheers.]

GOV. DINGLEY of Maine in a recent speech, said:

"The nomination of James G. Blaine and John Logan was made in response to the wishes of the republican voters of the United States, and the election day will show them to have been the wisest, strongest and best that could have been made. For more than twenty-five years I have personally known your standard bearer, James G. Blaine. A nobler, purer, more upright man, a more devoted lover of his fellow-men, as abler, broader and more thoroughly American statesman, does not live than he. [Loud applause.] And I rejoice that you have placed on the ticket with him, that he is to be successful in November, that gallant soldier and statesman, John A. Logan. With those names upon our banners, victory is in the air.

HAY-FEVER. After trying in vain for eleven years to cure my Hay-Fever, I purchased a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, which entirely relieved me.—E. W. Hartzle, Letter Carrier, Newark, N. J. Price 50 cents.

Want.—It is not from nature but from education and habits that our wants are chiefly derived.

McKean County Miner

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

[illegible]

Smethport Pa July 18 1884

BLAINE

OF MAINE.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL TICKET

[illegible]

CLEVELAND THE VICTIM.

Where we were to press last week it looked as the night the democratic national convention would not nominate Cleveland for president. Every indication was against such a nomination. Every one suggested that such a nomination would be the best thing that could happen for the democratic party. Every one knew that Cleveland was not the choice of the people. Every one knew that he was not the choice of the democratic party. Every one knew that he was not the choice of the democratic party. Every one knew that he was not the choice of the democratic party

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Pa., July 18, 1884.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE MINER.

[illegible] paper shows the time to [illegible] If [illegible] it will be [illegible] If [illegible] you take it from [illegible] with the months when [illegible] to

TRY IT.

The MINER will be furnished to subscribers from this date to January 1885, for FIFTY CENTS. Every republican in McKean county should take it. Will the reader of this paper call the attention of their republican friends to this offer

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

The cattle plague [illegible] month.

[illegible] Lake Erie [illegible] is becoming [illegible] lighted up with [illegible] every night [illegible] that [illegible] Wilcox [illegible] Bolivar [illegible] will open [illegible] the love [illegible]

Socially this town is very lively. I was [illegible] a dancing party [illegible] last Friday night [illegible] were [illegible] there. Blame me if Presbyterians and Lutherans [illegible] Methodist

Bull corn and hay weather best good [illegible] corn crop.

The roller skating craze is falling off in this borough.

There was a slight frost noticeable last Sunday morning.

It is no go to come to Alton any more. Has Mount Alton.

The apple crop will be almost a total failure in this section.

Idlers and Logan clubs are being organized all over the county.

The fellows who carried an hoss reaper for the 4th [illegible] in town.

The pea crop this year will be [illegible] for several years.

Smethport seems to be dull now-a-days. Nothing exciting [illegible] amusement.

Blame me if I get the paper regularly [illegible] Would [illegible] I was a paper [illegible] with the months when [illegible] to

—Dull times in Kentucky. Goods for July 4th upon our table. As usual it contains very much valuable information on the subject of railroads. Any one traveling in western New York or Pennsylvania can hardly get along without it.

—Dennis Quinlisk, the janitor of the court house puts in more hours work than any other man in town, and as a result everything around the court house is kept in apple pie order. Dennis ought to hold that position for life, as he is deserving and faithful.

—An Olean coroner's jury last week who were investigating the death of Harry Flood, who was killed there July 5th by the cars, found the officers of the N Y & P railroad guilty of manslaughter, and exonerated the conductor, engineer and fireman.

—At a recent drawing of prizes offered by the manufacturers of the Spear Head tobacco for the largest number of tin tags returned to them the Brownell Bros. received a $50 government bond. Peter Conley five pounds of tobacco and Walter Oviatt a meerschaum pipe.

—If ever the cold chills rushed along down the democratic spinal column it was on Friday afternoon last as they read the dispatch announcing the nomination of Cleveland. One would have supposed that their great grandmother had just departed this vale of tears.

—Prof Marcellus Clay Le Baker well known on this section, is now languishing in jail at Warren, Ohio, for forcing his attentions upon a young lady of that place whose father made a complaint against him and will try to get him put into an insane asylum. Such is glory, such is fame!

—The *Bradford Banner* for July contains the able discourse delivered by Rev. H Oates at the Baptist church on this place on the Sunday preceding last Dominion Day. It is well worth reading and all we make the July number of this Banner a valuable paper.

—Sergeant Ward the baker has gone to running steadily and is fast making the public acquainted, take pies etc. If Ward don't have the experience and the bread will have an immaculate conception. It is only for public use that I refer to the matter.

—Dollarite's *Kentucky Guide* for July is

MISCELLANEOUS.

PE-RU-NA

When every other remedy has failed Peruna is sure to cure. Thousands have been the testimonials of perfect health given to me who had been given up hopelessly by the physicians of Peruna. In consequence of its wide-spread reputation, many worthless compounds are now being foisted upon the suffering public. Beware of them. Insist upon having Peruna, and see that you get it. Do not suffer yourself to be persuaded that some other medicine will do as well. Peruna has no equal as a tonic and invigorator. Such has been the wonderful success of Peruna that it has given rise to many imitations. Be sure that you get the genuine. Peruna is the only positive cure for all forms of catarrh in all its stages. Peruna will cure any case of catarrh, no matter of how long standing. Peruna will cure any case of catarrh in the shortest possible time. Peruna will cure any case of catarrh that can be cured by any medicine. Peruna will cure any case of catarrh that can be cured at all. Peruna will cure any case of catarrh that can be cured anywhere. Peruna will cure any case of catarrh that can be cured anyhow. Peruna will cure any case of catarrh that can be cured anyway. Peruna will cure any case of catarrh that can be cured anywhere at all. Peruna will cure any case of catarrh that can be cured anyhow at all. Peruna will cure any case of catarrh that can be cured anyway at all